

Anything Goes

by sleepuntiltomorrow

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Summary: A collection of one-shots, ficlets, drabbles, etc. Mostly Kick-centric, with guest appearances by the rest of the gang.

Enjoy.

1. Epiphany

A/N: Hello, loves! This is a collection of one-shots, ficlets, drabbles, etc that I find myself writing from time to time. Sometimes they'll be long ones, like this one. Other times they'll be shorter, but they all focus on simple moments that are mainly Kick-centric. Some times they'll be together, other times they won't. It's just a collection of stories that don't really continue in any way, unless specifically stated otherwise.

Now that I've gotten that out of the way:

DISCLAIMER: I don't own Kickin' It!

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><p>Summary: It's that moment, that one moment where you can pinpoint the exact second that one thought changed everything.

* * *

><p>Ding-dong. Ding-dong. Dingdong.
Dingdongdingdongdingdong.

"Okay, okay!" Jack swung open the door, gesturing for a slightly damp Kim to step inside. "I guess it started raining."

"Hmm, I wonder what could've given you that idea?" Kim stated sarcastically. "Thank god I only got a little damp. Are the guys here yet?"

"No, you're the first to show up." Jack said, leading Kim to the den, where he had everything set up for the group's monthly movie night.

"Hmm, that's weird. Milton's usually right on time to everything." Kim scrunched up her nose in confusion.

"But he also drives like five miles per hour during rain." Jack said. Kim accepted this answer and wrapped her arms around herself, trying to maintain warmth while damp and in an air-conditioned environment.

"Here," Jack offered Kim a blanket that was lying across the back of the overstuffed couch.

"Oh, God, thank you." She quickly enveloped herself in the down blanket, automatically ten times warmer than she was before. Plopping down on the couch she asked, "Whose turn is it to pick?"

"I think it's Jerry's?" Jack said, more a question than an answer.

"Yeah- Yeah it had to be him." Kim said, "We watched He's Just Not That Into You, Mean Girls, and Easy A last time."

"Yeah," Jack shuddered, "All those girl movies make me want to sit around and just watch a Die Hard marathon."

"Oh, come on, He's Just Not That Into You was pretty educational, you now have a basic understanding of how a girl's mind works. Mean Girls is a classic, and Easy A is amazing! I totally have a girl-crush on Emma Stone." Kim looked up at Jack, who then flopped on the couch next to her.

Looking up at her from his exaggerated slouch, he conceded, "Okay, you're right-"

"I'm sorry, what was that?"

"You're right!" Jack said, lifting his hands up and promptly sliding to the floor. The two collapsed into a fit of giggles, only interrupted by a call from Milton.

"Heyyy, Jack?" Milton greeted, "Um, well, I was on my way to pick up Eddie, and-"

"HI JACK!" A call came from the other end of the phone, quickly followed by a hacking cough.

"Eddie! I'm on the phone! And cover your mouth when you cough!" Jack chuckled, walking over to the shelves of DVDs and inspecting them, trying to guess which one's Jerry would pick, "Anyways, I stopped to pick him up and the storm is really bad- I don't think I can make it. I'm just gonna head back home and Eddie says that he's really not feeling up to infecting you guys with his cold, so he won't be able to make it either."

"Oh, that's too bad!" Jack frowned. "Kim's already here and last I heard, Jerry was on his way, too, so I guess it'll just be a party of

three for tonight."

"Okay, well, I guess I'll see you later--"

"BYE JACK!" Eddie called out again.

"Alright, bye Milton, bye Eddie."

"I'm guessing Milton and Eddie can't make it?" Kim asked, cocooned in her blanket.

"Yeah, apparently the storm is too bad to drive in, you know he's a really anxious driver anyways, so this was probably just too much for him. Eddie caught a cold and doesn't want to infect us." He gestured to the rain outside. A clap of thunder resounded and Kim jumped.

"What? Is little Kimmy scared of a little thunder?" Jack teased, walking over to the couch.

"_No_, it just startled me!" Kim defended, her arms crossed.

"Oh really?" Jack asked, eyebrows raised.

"_Really_." Kim affirmed.

Out of nowhere, Jack pounced, tickling Kim mercilessly.

"_JACK!" _Kim screeched between giggles, "_STOP IT!"_

"I can't hear you!" Jack called, relenting only when he got a text message from Jerry.

"_Sorry, I can't make it. Babysitting Pepito. Ugh._" Jack read, as he and Kim both shuddered at the little demon's name.

"Well," Kim began, "I guess it's just you and me now. So you get to pick the movies."

"Are you sure you want to stay?" Jack asked, "It's not really a movie marathon party when there's just two of us."

"Um, I say that if there are multiple movies, it's a marathon. And are you saying I'm not _fun?_" Kim faked a shocked gasp, "I'm hurt, Jackson!"

Laughing, Jack conceded, "Okay, okay! But I think that I'll pick one movie, you pick another, we flip a coin for the third one once we finish the other two?"

"Sounds fair. I want Tangled!" Kim quickly called out.

Jack groaned, "Not a Disney movie!"

"Have you even _seen_ Tangled?" Kim crossed her arms, accusing.

Jack swallowed, "Um... No?"

"Tangled it is, then."

"Fine but we're watching Anchorman for mine."

"Sounds good to me."

"Fine."

"Fine!"

The blonde and the brunet began a staring contest, which lasted all of fifteen seconds before Kim tackled Jack, tickling him relentlessly.

"PAYBACK'S A BITCH, AIN'T IT, JACK?" She cackled, straddling Jack to hold him down.

"Stop- _gasp- _Kim! _gasp_- Stop!"

Rolling back to her seated position, Kim pointed to the TV, "Tangled."

Groaning, Jack rolled himself up into a seated position, glaring at Kim. "Do you want food first?" He asked, realizing how hungry he was.

"Yes!" Kim called out. "Chinese!"

"But of course! Ho-Lee-Chow?" He asked.

"But of course!" Kim mocked, placing a finger on her upper lip to indicate a mock mustache.

Soon, Jack ordered their usuals (orange chicken with rice and crab rangoon for him, Shrimp Lo Mein and won ton soup for her) and had reluctantly put on Tangled. About twenty minutes into the film, the doorbell rang. Kim, giggling at how engrossed Jack was with the movie, grabbed the money from the counter behind the couch and headed for the door.

When she got back to the den, she placed the food on the coffee table, turning around to grab a couple of cokes for them to drink from the fridge. When she popped the tops on the cans, Jack shushed her before noticing the food was there. Once he noticed, he dug in and ate every last bite before returning his full attention to the movie. Kim smiled, noticing how the corners of Jack's mouth would lift whenever Flynn Rider would say something witty. Once she finished her food, she found her eyelids dropping.

Soon the credits were rolling, and Kim found herself jolted back into an alert mind-frame.

"Anchorman, now?" Kim asked.

"Actually..." Jack looked sheepish, "Could we watch How To Train Your Dragon?"

"Okay, it's your choice." Kim said, smiling, "Plus it's one of my favorites, too, so it's all good by me."

Jack bound over to the DVD player, popping in the disc before taking his seat to the right of Kim. Pointing to the blanket Kim had resting

in her lap, he said, "You're gonna have to share that."

Rolling her eyes, she tossed the over-sized blanket across Jack's legs, curling her legs up into a cross-legged position. The two settled in to watch the movie, but were interrupted before they could hit play by Mrs. Anderson.

"Hand check!" She called out jokingly.

Kim held up her soda in one hand and her phone in the other while Jack groaned, "Mooooom..."

"Oh, you know I'm kidding, Jack. Where are the other kids?"

"Milton didn't want to brave the rain, Eddie's sick and Jerry was babysitting his cousin."

"Okay, well, I'll be upstairs, working on some reports."

"'K, mom." Jack nodded before returning to the movie.

Once the movie started, it didn't take long for Kim to finish her soda and put her phone away. With the distractions gone, and the lights dim, it took all of five minutes before the blonde drifted off. Her eyes closed and she maneuvered herself to a more comfortable position in her half-asleep state. Twisting and rotating, she found herself resting on Jack's arm, her feet tucked behind her. It only took a couple minutes, but soon she was out like a light.

Engrossed with the movie, Jack didn't notice Kim's choice of him as her pillow until she moved a little bit, trying to get into a more comfortable position. He knew she'd been having trouble sleeping recently, seeing as her sister just got back from college and didn't like to go to sleep until past three in the morning, playing her music too loud for Kim to get a decent night's sleep.

So he, as gently as possible, moved his arm from underneath Kim, letting her head fall on his chest and gently resting his arm around hers. Kim moved in her sleep to accommodate the new positioning, but didn't wake up.

Jack returned to the movie, not thinking anything of it. Sure he thought Kim was pretty- beautiful, if he was honest with himself. She was funny, too, and if he opened a door in the back of his head that he'd been avoiding for years, he'd realize that, yes, he had as big of a crush on her as he joked she had on him. But right then, none of that mattered, all he cared about was being a good friend to her, and making her comfortable because he knew she'd been troubled the past couple weeks.

Once the movie finished, Jack turned the TV off and tossed the remote to the side. Resting his head on Kim's he took a second to enjoy the moment, his eyes shutting for a second. I could get used to this, he thought, almost opening that door he ignored for so long- But just then his mom opened the door to the den again, poking her head in to check on the teens.

Jack glanced up at his mom, placing a finger to his lips and giving her a look that told her under no uncertain terms was she allowed to ask questions until Kim had left the house. Raising her hands up in

defense, Mrs. Anderson backed out of the room, vowing to pounce on her son as soon as the blonde left.

Glancing down at Kim, he felt sad that he had to wake her up, but she needed to get home and go to sleep in her own bed, even if her sister was keeping her up, even if he would be content with remaining in that exact position and drifting off himself. He sighed to himself before resolving to wake the blonde as gently as possible.

"Kim... Kimmy..." Jack said lightly, not whispering, but not talking at a normal volume either. He lifted his arm off her shoulder and Kim frowned, reaching around for the edge of the blanket before pulling it over her now bare shoulder.

Poking Kim, Jack said again, "Kimmy..." He sing-songed, "Time to wake up..."

Blearily, Kim propped herself up on her elbow and frowned. "I missed the movie." she said, rubbing her eyes.

"I think it's time for you to go home. I'll drive you- you can come get your car tomorrow, but you're about ready to crash and you need to get home." Jack stood up and stretched.

Fully awake now, a look of realization crossed Kim's face. "Did I really just cuddle you for over an hour?" She asked.

"Yeah, pretty much. But you're so tired recently because of your sister-"

"Y- Yeah. Yeah." Kim stood up and stretched, shaking her head lightly before standing to follow Jack out to his car. "I guess I didn't even notice what I was doing..." She trailed off, grabbing her shoes and shoving them on her feet. Her fingers found the hair-tie wound around the now-mussed braid she so carefully wove before heading over. Kim shook out the braid as she trailed behind Jack, winding her way to the garage.

Jack walked over to the passenger side, opening the door for Kim, a perfect gentleman. Her hair now tossed into a messy ponytail, Kim ducked into a deep curtsy, sticking her tongue out and crossing her eyes.

After her comical gesture elicited a laugh from the brunet, she started giggling too, buckling herself in and crossing her legs. Jack slid into the passenger seat, keys in hand, and started the ignition. Soon, the display for the radio sprang up and Kim reached for the iPod she knew Jack had stashed in the glovebox.

"Kim," Jack began, "You know it's only a five minute ride to your house, right?"

"Shh-" Kim held a finger up, concentrating on the perfect song to pick. Once her finger hit play and the familiar chords of The A Team filled the car, she turned to Jack. "Yes, but I'd rather listen to only one five-minute song than five minutes of radio commercials."

Rolling his eyes playfully, Jack hit the remote to open the garage door, the night greeting them with a steady rain. The thunder and

lightning subsided- only fat, wet drops of rain stayed behind, falling consistently and repeatedly.

Soon, Jack picked up on his passenger humming along to the song. "So I guess you share my love for Ed then?"

"He's a god amongst men." Kim managed in response, her voice slow.

Slowing down to accommodate the red light, Jack snuck a peek at his blonde companion. Her eyes were closed and her head rested on the windowpane. He smiled to himself, pulling his eyes back to the light. _She really is beautiful_, he thought, watching the light turn green.

As the last chords of the four-minute song played out, the brunet rounded the corner to the street Kim called hers. The opening chords for Give Me Love started up, and Jack found himself blushing at the song. He was a romantic at heart, and while he could listen to songs like that on a daily basis with no problem or concern at it's effect on his "man-rep", as Jerry would say, having it play in a car with a girl he just admitted to himself he thought was beautiful while rain pounded the metal roof, _well..._ That was a different thing altogether. _That_ was a scene from a cheesy rom-com, not something he expected in his own life, nor something he wanted to welcome with open arms- even if he found himself almost ready to do just that.

_"And I'll fight my corner,
>_maybe tonight I'll call 'ya..._"

The car slowed to a stop as Jack pulled into Kim's driveway. Shifting into park, Jack, once again, turned his gaze to a dozing Kim. A gentle chuckle escaped the brunets lips as he realized his predicament.

"Hey, Kim," he placed his hand on her shoulder, gently rocking her, "I feel like we're forming a habit here."

"Oh, I just wanna hold 'ya..."

Kim smiled as she woke from her daze, "At least this time I wasn't cuddling you like some stuffed animal." She joked, a smile playing on her lips.

Turning his head to the left, away from Kim and towards her front door, he mumbled, "I wouldn't've minded..."

"Hmm?" Kim smiled, a confused look mingling with the content demeanor.

_"We'll play hide and seek to turn this around,"

"Nothing."

_"All I want is the taste that your lips allow"

A blush formed on Jack's cheeks as he tried not to focus on the lyrics, thanking the darkness for the camouflage it provided.

Looking out at the rain, Kim frowned a little. "It's still raining."

"Yeah," Jack said.

"I have to walk up to my front door."

"Oh! Oh yeah," Rummaging around in the center console, the teen withdrew a black umbrella. "Here, I'll walk you to your front door."

"Oh- there's no need for you to do that-"

"It's okay, I want to."

It was Kim's turn to blush.

_ "Give me love like never before
>'_cause lately I've been craving more..._"

The two teens maneuvered their way to Kim's front porch, staying dry thanks to Jack's umbrella. Reaching their destination, Kim wrapped Jack in a friendly hug, the same hug she gave Jack at every other goodbye. Her arms wound around his neck while his joined at the middle of her back, the umbrella lying on the ground.

"Thanks," she mumbled close to his ear just before pulling away.

Goosebumps erupted on his arms, thankfully hidden by his favorite hoodie. "No problem, what're friends for?"

Kim giggled and opened the front door, turning around only to offer a small wave and a quiet "G'night."

Jack grinned and waved back before the door closed behind the retreating blonde. Scooping up the umbrella, he made his way back to the car, stuffing the umbrella in the back seat.

Starting the car, a wave of music met his ears:

"_My, my, my, my,
>_Give me love..._"

He scrunched up his nose as his cheeks erupted into a fierce blush. "Shut up," He mumbled to the singer as he drove away, thinking only of the blonde. It was a wonder it took him this long to open the door that sat patiently in the back of his mind for ages, but once he did, he came to a conclusion: He was completely, irrevocably, head-over-heels for Kim, a girl who could kick his butt eight ways to Sunday. But hey, he thought to himself, It could be worse.

* * *

><p>AN: Okay, okay! I know the ending was really weak, but I really couldn't find another way to word it and I really really wanted to get this published tonight (this morning?). I'm actually really in love with how this turned out, Jack and Kim were super casual with the whole cuddling thing, which I know can seem kinda

weird, but I really don't think it would be a problem if Kim and Jack were really good friends. It doesn't come to be a problem until later, when Jack has his epiphany moment.**

Anyways, that whole thing aside, tell me what you think of this one-shot! This is gonna be one of those that I don't continue, I don't really see it morphing beyond this. If (for some strange reason) I do continue it (again, not likely), I'll leave an A/N reminding you what chapter I'm continuing from.

**Thanks for reading, and don't forget to let me know what you think in a review! **

**Best wishes, **

x Em

PS: SHOUT OUT to the fabulous awakeningreality! She's in CHINA, attending SCHOOL, and she still manages to find time to update both of her amazing stories: Flight 257 and Playing to Win! If you haven't already read them, GO! Go now! Read them because they are amazing! And then when you're done with that, read the rest of her stories! She's a really good writer and a really cool person too!

see ya, peace out, xoxo gossip girl, -A, etc. ;D

2. Meet and Greet

A/N: Sooo, I'm back! I had some time and was able to edit this lil piece that was sitting on my laptop for a little while... It's really short, under 500 words, but I figured it would be a fun little ficlet for you guys. I just played around with the idea of Kim introducing a friend to Jack, what she would have told the friend about Jack, how she would react, etc, etc.

Anyway:

DISCLAIMER: I don't own Kickin' It.

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><p>Summary:Jack meets Kim's friend, Hannah, for the first time.

* * *

><p>"Hey, Jack, this is Hannah," Kim smiled at Jack as he fixed his skateboard, gesturing to the pretty brunette who stood behind her in the courtyard.<p>

"Hi, Hannah, I'm pretty sure you figured out I'm Jack," He held out his hand to Hannah, who shook it.

"Yeah, I got that," she chuckled.

"Hannah's been my best friend since diapers, practically, but she lives in Tulsa," Kim explained, "So we never get to see each other. But when she mentioned she'd be visiting California this summer, I told her she'd have to visit and meet the gang."

"So here I am, meeting the gang." Hannah joked, smiling, "But so far it looks like this 'gang' is just you."

Kim's brow furrowed, "Yeah, where is everyone else? Jerry's been obsessed with meeting her ever since he saw the photo of her on my phone."

"I do believe that Jerry, Milton, and Eddie have been dragged to help groom Tip-Tip." He shook his head, "Am I glad I didn't get sucked into that."

"Who's—" Hannah began.

"Rudy's my sensei and Tip-Tip is his cat. He's been going on and on about some sort of cat show that's this weekend for months." Kim shrugged, "I guess he decided to enter Tip-Tip."

"Huh..." Hannah said, a bemused expression taking over her face.

"I promise you, we're not all weird," Jack said, "Isn't that right, Kim?" He grinned up at her from his perch on the bench.

With raised eyebrows, Kim managed a quick, slightly sarcastic, "Mhmm" before she rolled her eyes playfully. "Well, we better get going, I want to show Hannah the dojo and a couple other places before it gets too late." The blonde gestured in the general direction of Bobby Wasabi's.

"Ok, I'll see you later!" Jack jumped up, placing his board to the side, and wrapped Kim in a quick hug before shaking hands with Hannah yet again.

"Bye Jack!" Kim waved, cheeks the palest of pinks.

"It was nice meeting you!" Hannah called out to the brunet.

As the two girls walked away, Jack could've sworn he heard, "You told me he was cute, not smokin' hot!" come from Hannah, and judging by the way Kim playfully shoved her friend, his ears weren't mistaken.

The brunet smiled to himself, _She thinks I'm cute..._

* * *

><p>AN: Yeah I told you it was short. Review anyways, please?**_>

best wishes!

x Em

3. Paintingish

A/N: A quick little something I threw together. Kinda short, but I was inspired! **I hope you like it!**

DISCLAIMER: I don't own Kickin' It.

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><p>Summary:Rudy asks the kids to help re-paint the dojo. Things don't really go according to plan...

* * *

><p>"You did not just do that." Kim's voice dripped with malice and a child-like happiness.

"So what if I did?" Jack smirked as he met Kim's narrowed gaze, his paintbrush dangled from his hand.

"Well," The blonde took a measured step towards the brunet, her hand clutching the roller dripping with paint. "Then I'd have to do... THIS!" With a leap and a laugh, Kim managed to not only cover Jack's left cheek, she got a good portion of his "beautiful, shaggy, luscious" hair the girls went apeshit over. One careful flick of a curl could send squadrons of girls into a tizzy. Kim never really got the appeal. She guessed that when you saw the same head of hair repeatedly, the allure wore off.

Unfortunately for Jack, the paint did nothing for his looks. "Yo, Jack," Jerry called from across the dojo, "I don't think the white paint look is your 'thing', " Milton's eyebrows raised at Jerry's ability to use airquotes correctly. Usually Jerry struggled with such tasks. The lanky teen reasoned that Jerry must have been practicing.

Eyes narrowed, Jack looked himself over in the mirror, touching the affected portion gingerly. "_Kim!_" He whined, pulling his fingers away from his hair, only to find the paint clinging to them.

Kim smirked, the paint Jack splattered on her neck and shirt causing her usually fair skin to look much more tan than usual. "You know I'm an expert in payback, Jack. Maybe you should have thought of that before- " _SPLAT!_

Paint covered Kim's legs, courtesy of one smug brunet. Her mouth hung open in a silent 'O'. "THAT'S IT! ANDERSON, YOU'RE GONNA _GET IT!_"

When Kim dropped her roller and grabbed a handful of paint, Jack at least had the decency to look scared. With a mighty yell, the blonde ran for Jack, aiming for the hair. The boy froze before turning around to take shelter in the locker room. Kim took this opportunity to leap on his back, covering his face and hair in the white paint.

Milton sighed heavily, placing his paintbrush on the floor. Looking at Jerry and Eddie, he saw that his friends had also abandoned the task of giving the dojo a fresh coat of paint. All the furniture was stacked in the pseudo-waiting area with plastic covers taped up as makeshift curtains, blocking the area from splatters. Milton guessed there would soon be a _lot_ of those...

"They're doing it again." Eddie stated, looking at Milton to confirm his assertion. Milton nodded.

"Doing what?" Jerry was puzzled by the exchange, but with another glance at the laughing-slash-bickering Jack and Kim, realization dawned on the teen's face. "Oooh, you mean they're flirting while trying to disguise it as fighting?"

Milton and Eddie nodded, fatigue showing on their faces. The trio had been painting for the past hour and a half, their efforts shown in the one finished wall. With another glance at Jack and Kim, Jerry made a decision.

"I'm going to get food. We finished this wall, they're not going to be ready to do anything productive any time soon, and I'm hungry." After his mini-speech, he abandoned his brush, looking to Eddie and Milton to see if they would be joining him.

Although slightly stunned at Jerry's take-charge attitude, the boys made a decision. With glances cast at each other, then Jack and Kim (who were still at it), they assumed Jerry's mindset, shrugging and joining the Mexican teen for a break they hoped included something fried.

As they were leaving the dojo, Milton mused, "Rudy's in for a surprise when he gets back from the paint store.

"Yeah," Jerry affirmed, "Let's just hope the pent-up sexual tension doesn't explode between Jack and Kim before he comes back, if you know what I mean..." With a wink from Jerry, the teens quickly knew exactly what he meant, and it made Eddie and Milton shudder. They were only fifteen, for god's sake!

"That was not a mental image I wanted, Jerry." Eddie said, mortified. Jerry simply shrugged.

"So, Circus Burger?" Milton asked after a moment's pause.

"Yeah"

"Let's do it, yo."

It took thirty minutes for Jack and Kim to stop their paint fight. It took thirty more for them to notice the boys were gone. Their sexual tension didn't 'explode' in the fashion Jerry had unfortunately suggested, but there may or may not have been a kiss between the two... But that, sadly, must remain a secret between Jack, Kim, and a slightly mortified Rudy.

* * *

><p>Viola! The end! I'm really enjoying these little ficitlts! I don't feel pressured to make them a certain length or anything, they're just a really good release of creative energy! Anyway, I hope you guys liked it as much as I did! The ending was kinda really weak, but I liked the way the rest of it turned out.

Please review! It literally makes my day!

Best wishes,

x Em

4. The Bird is in the Nest

**A/N: yeah I know, I've kinda been a little (a lot) awol for a looong while, and it's mostly due to lack of inspiration. For a long time, I really enjoyed writing short stories, and that love has dissipated and a new love of poetry has emerged, which is good and bad. Good because I used to suck at poetry and I hated writing it so now I've got this new love/inspiration. Bad, because I have zero motivation or inspiration for short stories. Which means the heist themed story I was writing as a long, awesome piece featuring lots of Jack/Kim action and lots of humor (with tons of heisting, obviously) has fallen by the wayside. I've tried sitting down to write more of it, but I just can't bring myself to write more than a couple paragraphs at a time. **

**But, there are a couple sections (2, actually) that can stand alone as entertaining tidbits for you guys. I've realized this heist story is never going to happen on my end, so I figure I should at least try and give you what I can. So, here's a Milton-centric blurb that I find entertaining, and I hope y'all do too. **

* * *

><p>Milton always hated jobs like this- ones were he had to rely on people and not his tech. You can't control people like you can control cameras and security systems. Well, he did stumble upon a chemical that, when ingested, made the- ahem- victim extremely receptive to suggestion. But he only figured it out when Jerry accidentally mixed volatile chemical compounds he thought were Kool-Aid powder, water, and sugar. Apparently he also thought the warning labels were just warning him of "delicious flavor." After that little situation, Milton found himself with something quite similar to a mind control device. It only lasted five hours and the subject responded to anyone's commands or suggestions (he and the rest of the gang coached Jerry through putting on makeup and doing a fashion show for them), so it was too risky to use on a mark, especially when anyone within hearing distance of the subject could influence them. And besides, mind control was super illegal, or at least he was pretty sure it would be if people thought it was possible.

Either way, with his inability to control the emotions or thoughts of their marks, he sat back and let the rest of the team influence whomever they needed to, watching helplessly from his control center.

"Milton, is the Bird in the Nest?" Jack hissed through the rather impressive earpiece the tech wiz concocted.

"The Bird is in the Nest." Milton replied, letting Jack know the coast was clear so he and Kim could break into the coordinator's office. Now that Milton thought about it, sitting in his own nest of wires and computer screens, he may not be able to control everyone (legally), but he was a big reason their jobs succeeded in the first place. Kim and Rudy might be able to convince a mark to do anything, Jack might be the best thief in the world, Eddie might make things go boom with a delicacy only seen in pastry chefs and Jerry might be

able to take a ten year old girl and pass her off as a seventy year old man, but they would be as blind as bats without him.

* * *

><p>The next piece should be up soon, but don't forget to let me know what you think!

thanks and best wishes

x em

5. Breaking, Not So Much Entering

A/N: Hello again, here's the other excerpt from my failed heist fanfic. Hope you like it!

* * *

><p>"Jack, Kim, you have to be careful on this one, there's only one security camera, and-

"Yes, Milton, we know," Kim rolled her eyes, keeping watch while Jack picked the locks, "You can only give us a thirty second heads up. We know. We'll be fine!"

_ "Just making sure." _ Milton grumbled to himself, the words almost unrecognizable syllables.

"Almost... There..." Jack's brow was furrowed as he moved the pick and tension wrench around the lock. Not only did the door require a good ol'-fashioned lock picking, it needed a five digit code and a key card. Kim swiped the card and Milton supplied the thieves with some gadget that could get the pass code in thirty seconds or less, leaving Jack to the heavy lifting, he liked to think. The gadget Milton invented was disguised as a haircomb, one Kim had deemed _ "super cute!" _ She figured it was so she could be both stylish and a top-notch thief. Milton tried to tell her it was for stealth- but Kim liked to accessorize and there was no use arguing with the feisty blonde, so he just went with it.

Suddenly the grumbling in the two thieves ears stopped and was replaced with a loud _ "HOLY CHRISTMAS NUTS! JACK, KIM, YOU HAVE COMPANY! THIRTY SECONDS!" _

The two looked at each other and panicked. _ "We didn't plan for this!" _ Jack's brain screamed. His exterior reflected a much more calm panic. "What do we do?" He whispered urgently. "We didn't think anyone else would come down here right now! _ "We don't have a backup plan!" _

Whirling around to face Jack with a frantic look in her eye, Kim exclaimed, "I have an idea!" She grabbed the pick and tension wrench from Jack's hands, shoving them down the front of her shirt for safekeeping- no one would look there. Then she grabbed Jack by his shoulders and pressed her lips to his, almost forcibly shoving her tongue in his mouth.

One hand tangled itself in his hair, her other gripping the front of

his shirt. She pressed herself up against him, in turn pressing his back to the door, trying to engage the brunet into doing something beyond just standing there, but Jack was slow to respond. By the time whoever it was walked around the corner, however, he had Kim pressed against the wall and they were- ahem- going at it pretty hard.

When a startled "Oh!" came from down the hallway, they didn't break apart. Only once someone called out "Miss Gilbert? And Mr. Arrington?" in a shocked voice did the flustered teens break apart. Their cheeks flushed as red as their swollen lips as they stared at Jack's temporary boss, quite reminiscent of deer caught in headlights.

"Ahem. Well." The man cleared his throat again, staring at a spot on the wall above their heads, rather than in their eyes. "It would probably be for the best if we didn't speak of this." Mr. Green mumbled, his cheeks a light pink.

Kim giggled nervously and Jack coughed, replying in an embarrassed voice, "Yes, sir." Jack then took Kim's hand and they slunk around the corner guiltily. Once they were sure to be out of sight, he dropped her hand.

"That was a close one," He said, clearing his throat.

"You're telling me!" Kim said in a relieved tone. "Oh, and here," she reached down her shirt and retrieved the lock picking tools earlier stashed there. Handing them to Jack in a bored manner, she couldn't help but giggle at how red his face was.

"Just a touch embarrassed, Jacky?" She asked.

"Yeah, Jacky, just a touch embarrassed?" A snickering Milton said.

"I feel like I've missed something," Eddie said, his voice joining Milton's in the ears of the two teens. Jack was even more red, if that was possible. Kim couldn't stop laughing at his embarrassment.

"Oh, don't you worry," Milton said, "I've got it all on video..."

* * *

><p>AN: please review! it makes my day :)**

best wishes,

x em

End
file.